Cut off the heads of two fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen in our gouernement.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noysome Weedes that without profit sucke
The soyles fertilitie from holsome Flowers.
Man. Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a model our firme estate,
When our sea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots disordered, and her holesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of Leafe:
The Weedes that his broade spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by Bullingbrooke:
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.
Man. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath seizd the wastfull King.
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not so trimde
And dresst his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere.
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruite trees,
Least being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe.
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of duetie: superfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the King shall be deposed?
Gard. Depresst he is already, and deposde

T'is

Line 5 - which without — . 9 as in a — .
18 Weedes which his — . 20 plucked up — .
25 is it. 28 in sappe — .

T'is doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the Duke of Yorks,
That tell blacke tidinges.
Queen. Oh! I am prest to death through want of spea
Thou old *Adams* likenesse set to dresse this Garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnple
What *Eue?* what *Serpent* hath suggested thee, (n
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King *Richard* is deposde?
Darst thou, thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downefall? Say, where, when, and how
Camst thou by this ill tidinges? speake thou wretch?
Gard. Pardon me Madam, litle ioy haue I
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde.
In your Lo. scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes, he weighes King Richard dow
Post you to London, and you will finde it so;
I speake no more then euery one doth know.
Queene. Nimble Mischaunce, that art so light of fo
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladyes, goe
To meete at London Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my sadd looke,
Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner, for telling me these newes of woe,
Pray God the Plants thou graftst may neuer grow.
Gard. Poore Queene, so that thy state might be n
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place,
Ile set a bancke of Rew sowre Hearb-of-grace;

Line 2 of the good duke — . 12
14 this newes. Pennet. did she so